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Beachmann Days

Beachwood Days



*The Flag That Was Raised
at Beachwood
Long May It Wave*

Poem by
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Compiled by
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Beachwood Days

I 'LL sing you no ambitious lays
Of war and war's alarms;
My song shall be of Beachwood days
And Beachwood's many charms.

Thrice now has the diurnal orb
Described the rounded year,
Since first fair Beachwood did absorb
The flying seasons here.

It seems but yesterday, indeed,
Like twinkling eyes a few;
Since here our pioneers decreed
A budding life-place new.

All hail to him who broke the ground
And with a wizard's touch
Made inn and lodge and club abound—
The shelters needed much.

Who decked the beach with comforts rare,
With seats and hammocks, too;
Who built the little bowers where
Romance could bill and coo?

Whose rustic fences spanned the height
By silver-powdered walks,
Where, in the sunshine, pure and bright,
Resound our laughs and talks?

The pine-wood's dormant days were o'er
When Mayo came to plan;
He placed a crown upon this shore,
This new Aladdin man.



THE BEACH AT BEACHWOOD

Looking Toward Toms River—Westward
Looking Toward Pine Beach—Eastward

But come, let us salute him now,
In all his modest worth,
Then on the yellow hilltop's brow
Revert to mother earth.

Come tread th' awak'ning turf with me,
Where high banks kiss the bay;
The sweet arbutus trailing see—
The laurel's blossomed spray.

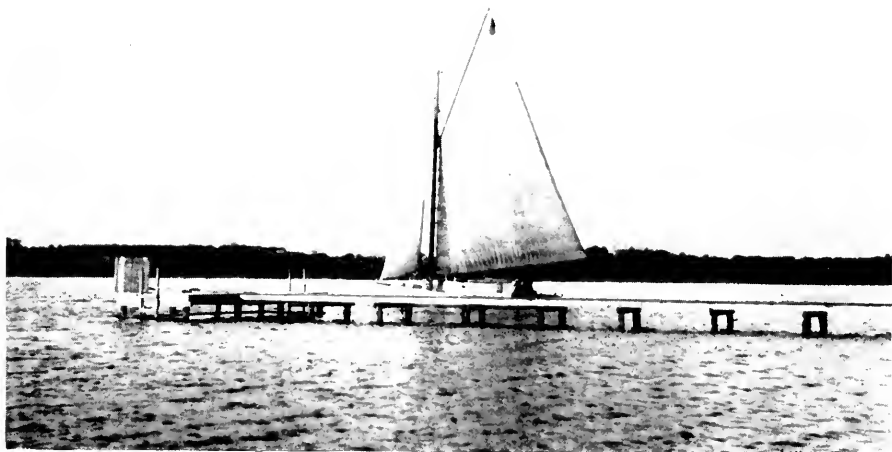
Springtime in Eden never gave
A rarer fair delight;
The gladsome pine and dancing wave
Acclaim the winsome sight.

The mosses from their winter nap,
The scrub-oak and the vine;
The cedar with its nodding cap,
All lovingly entwine.

The balmy breezes from the blue,
Where roll and swash the waves,
Invigorate our lungs anew—
Oh, happy city slaves!

And some there are who love the sands
Upon thy shores so fair,
Who stoop with eager, busy hands
To pick thy pebbles rare;

While 'mid the reeds of Barnegat
The wild-fowl sport and play—
Ye cawing crows, ye fish-hawks, scat!
And do not spoil our day!



The Yacht Club
The Bathing Pier

Dear to our hearts the blue-jay shrill,
The Bob White's spoken song;
The brown thrush, and the whippoorwill
When twilight creeps along.

But, hark! yon strangely vibrant pool
With clarion notes is filled;
Our frogs at evening singing-school
Hold ev'ry hearer thrilled.

Pan's pipe itself could not surprise
Us more in marsh or bogs
Than the odd ah-ha's which arise
From the assembled frogs.

Aye, let them sing, till soon adrowse,
Our sleeping-porch within,
We dream of softly mooing cows
With faces all agrin;

We dream of coming masquerades,
Of cavemen and of clowns;
Of mandarins, Scheherezades,
And red-faced imps with frowns—

Till, lo! 'Tis morn and o'er the lawn
The cottontails now hop,
And nibbling deer and gentle fawn,
To taste our garden crop.

But what of that? To see them skip
Makes joyous living here;
We prize the boon companionship
Of rabbit, squirrel and deer.



The Club—Watching the Races
The Bathing Beach—Water Sports

How like a photo-drama race
The scenes before our eyes;
Now Spring in Summer's sweet embrace,
Mid lingering perfume, dies.

And Summer reigns in sweltering mood;
July and August bring
The regulation Jersey brood,
With here and there a sting.

But what of that! When, with a cheer,
We splash in cooling swirls,
And lead a life aquatic here,
With lovely summer girls.

Meantime the earth, well tilled, brings forth,
And gardens bloom and glow;
Each tiller finds new pleasure, worth
His perspiration's flow.

And thus the hours of summer dance
Their merry lives away,
While grasshoppers and beetles chance
Upon their food each day.

Each tiny, thoughtless prodigal,
Feasting from morn till night,
Stops only now and then to call
And chirp his keen delight.

Happy each bungalow peeps out
From shaggy clumps of pines;
Neater than wax, within, without,
Till all of Beachwood shines.



*"Each Bungalow Peeps Out
From Shaggy Clumps of Pines"*

Her sand-waves in the wooded green
Glisten as pure as snow,
The rival of a winter scene
In summer's genial glow.

See how the welcome showers gush
And leap, 'mid lightnings mild;
The thunder soon comes to a hush
Before it scares a child.

And on the bay a hundred sail
And motorcraft flit by;
The Commodore leans o'er the rail
To cast a tempting fly.

And fish and crab and clams galore
The fishermen lure out;
The lazy loungers on the shore
Put many more to rout.

And summer comes and summer goes,
With Palm-Beach suit and hat;
Lawn tennis claims the maids and beaux;
They play and court and chat—

Until the moon in silver writes
Love poems o'er hills and dales;
There's dancing at the club these nights,
And merriment prevails.

Nor is due reverence denied
To sentiment profound;
The meeting doors are open wide
When Sabbath rolls around.



*"Her Sand Waves in the Wooded Green
Glisten as Pure as Snow"*

And here, 'mid songs and music good,
 Forgot are creeds outworn;
We only know that Brotherhood
 Should thus be newly born.

But time rolls by on speeding wings—
 Soon summer's heyday wanes,
Until the breath of autumn brings
 The pumpkins, corn and grains.

The meek red-berried wintergreen
 All through the woods is sown;
The huckleberry pie is seen
 Right here in Beachwood grown.

The blue-jay's bell-tone deeper grows,
 Up in the fragrant pines;
The curling smoke from chimney blows—
 Each day makes short declines.

Fall-time is creeping on the scene,
 With changes manifold;
The shrubs assume a crimson sheen,
 And some a cloth of gold.

For sly Jack Frost hides in the woods,
 To paint the hectic glow
Of Autumn's many dying moods,
 Before he brings the snow.

The little pearls on cedar boughs
 Burst into jewelled view;
All other evergreens arouse
 Themselves to splendors new.



*The Children's Fête Days
Paper Dress Dance
A Patriotic Event*

The beach-plum now is gathered in,
With other products wild;
The bay berry on branches thin,
In Quaker garb so mild.

And cranberries and holly here
Camp on their native heaths;
They bring us thoughts of Christmas cheer
And pretty Christmas wreaths.

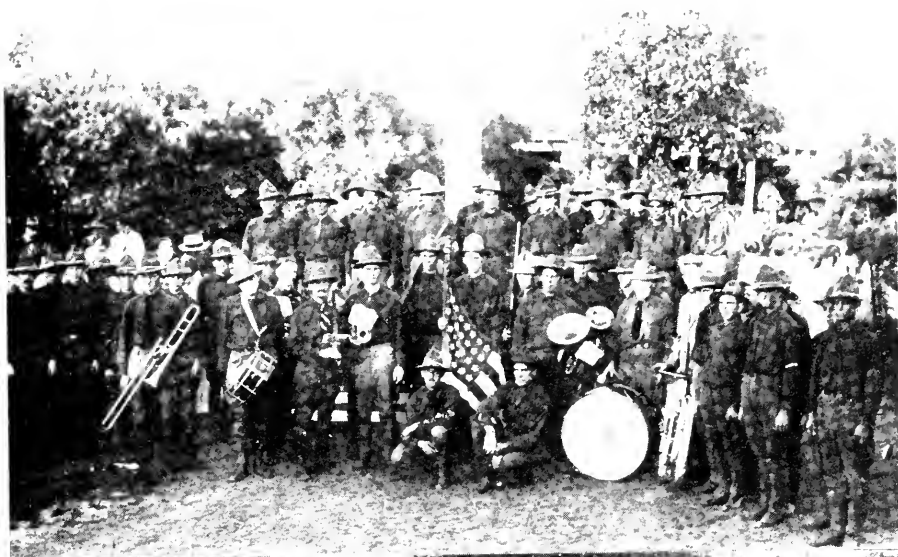
Dear Beachwood, must we close the book
Until another spring?
Then on thy waving flag we'll look
And hail it as we sing.

For lo, the annual exodus
Begins on Labor Day;
The youngsters strive for prizes, thus
To crown the finished stay.

Like mummers at the masquerade
We humans now must go;
Like birds of passage, overstayed,
While urging breezes blow.

Hushed are the waters by the sea,
And in the marshy bog;
We'll turn the lock and leave the key
To the watchman and his dog.

Then come the legions musical
To close old Autumn's sway,
A swan-song in each little shell
Devoted to decay.



*Flag-raising—August, 1917
Lakewood Home Guard
Beachwood Red Cross*

Infinitesimal madrigals,
Dirges in miniature;
What tender odes and parting calls!
What elegies demure!

The cricket and his merry wife,
In sobered chirps, declare
The vanity of insect life
When all the fields are bare.

The katydid staccatos, too,
Her fears from bursting heart,
That wintry days may soon be due;
That summer friends must part.

And so it is with larger folks,
Even with you and me,
Whose voice with melancholy chokes
At nature's stern decree.

Upon the ground brown matted hair,
With green boughs overhead;
Oh, curled-up oak leaves, grasses bare,
Why is the earth so dead?

I never knew that anything
Could be as chill as this,
When wintry winds with dirges bring
The Frost-King's pallid kiss.

But what of that! Our hopes remain,
Our faith and love thrice blest;
For sweetest flowers bloom again
At nature's fair behest.

Beachwood, farewell! a parting sigh
Re-echoes through the haze;
Till gentle Spring again draws nigh,
Farewell, dear Beachwood days!

WILLIAM MILL BUTLER



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